Glo. Tush, that was in the rage: thy
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
my That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessarie.
knows *La.* I would *I* knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are false.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men *I* hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue,
Glo. Look how this ring incompasseth thy finger, Looke Hoz. 1602.
Euen so thy breast incloseth me poore heart. my 1602.
Weare Were both of them, for both of them are thine. 1602.
And if thy poore suppliant may poore deuoted
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse for euer:
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after *I* haue solemnely entertred
At Chertsie Monasterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you: duetie 1602.
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Graunt me this boone,
La. With all my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and Bartly, goe along with me. Barkly Bartley 1602.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you
Imagine I haue said farewell alreadie. *Exit.* And already 1602.